

The Calumet News

Founded 1880.

Published by the
MINING GAZETTE COMPANY,
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.M. W. YOUNG, Editor.
W. M. LYON, Business Manager.
Entered at the Post Office at Calumet,
Michigan, as Second Class
Mail Matter.TELEPHONES:
Business Office 208
Editorial Rooms 4TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
By Mail or Carrier.
Per year (not in advance) \$3.00
Per year, in advance \$5.00
Per month50
Single issue05

Complaints of irregularity in delivery will receive prompt and thorough investigation.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1914.

ULSTER NOT TO BE CRUSHED.

It was known from official correspondence made public today, that the British government has not at any time intended to use the army to crush Ulster opposition to the home rule bill, intended only, in event of a crisis, to order the army to protect life and property. The possibility of discussion in the army was realized by the war office early in December. It is stated, when assurance was given the officers that they would not be expected to fight against the Orangemen and would be justified in refusing. It now appears that it was General Bagenal, commanding the forces in Ireland, who caused the recent wholesale resignations of officers, for through a misunderstanding, as the government now explains it, he gave his officers to understand that there would be war in Ulster and that all those officers already in Ulster would be expected to participate.

New this misunderstanding has been cleared away, the officers have been reinstated and there is official assurance that force will not be used to enforce Ulster into submission. A solution of the home rule difficulty seems to be as remote as ever, and it is to be noted with satisfaction that British leaders are seriously in quest of a compromise. To force an unappealable form of home rule upon Ulster would be to kindle the flames of a civil war, which would be a disaster to the island of Ireland and would not be a disaster to the British empire.

Recent cannot be reasonably expected to quell the fruits of home rule. The British government has brought within her grasp for the first time in a century of dominion, the whole of Ireland. The British government has brought within her grasp for the first time in a century of dominion, the whole of Ireland.

The situation calls for the highest and most constructive form of leadership. The British government has brought within her grasp for the first time in a century of dominion, the whole of Ireland.

FERRIS DECIDES TODAY.

The state campaign as it affects the governorship was virtually started at Lansing today when prominent Democrats, summoned by Governor Ferris met with him to discuss the advisability of his candidacy for a second term. The governor is being opposed by the so-called "progressive" wing of the party, and it was to canvass the situation and give his political views that the governor called today's conference.

It is earnestly hoped by the law and order loving citizens of the copper country, regardless of politics, that the governor will decide to stand for re-election, and secure of telegrams were sent to him last night and this morning by prominent citizens of this district, urging him to be a candidate. The governor's course in the copper country strike stamped him as an executive who can disregard politics in matters of great importance to the state. His honesty, loyalty to the people and his splendid administration of affairs entitles him to a second term. The recognition of his qualities is not alone confined to the people of the copper country, but extends throughout the state.

The results of the Calumet township canvasses last evening are significant. In not a single precinct did the Federation-Socialist combination succeed in electing delegates. It was hopelessly outnumbered, even in districts where it was supposed to have considerable strength. Law and order citizens were determined to keep control of township affairs out of the hands of agitators, consequently the canvasses were largely attended.

U. S. OFFICIAL O. K.'S RADIUM

Successful Against Some Types
of Cancer Says Holmes

Washington, March 25.—How the American people failed to recognize the importance of radium as a cure for cancer, until the European countries had secured practically all of the present available supply, is graphically told in the annual report of Director Joseph A. Holmes, of the federal bureau of mines, made public tonight. The report tells in detail of the bureau's unsuccessful efforts to obtain a quantity of radium sufficient to supply the 29 or more hospitals of the public health service and "serve, in part, to meet the needs of the various cancer hospitals of the country."

It is estimated by Director Holmes that "in the United States, 75,000 persons die each year from cancer." Explaining that radium is considered the most promising cure for certain types of cancer, the director says the most serious barrier to progress in demonstrating this is the scarcity of radium.

30 Grains Available.
"There is probably not more than 30 grains of radium now available for use in such treatment in all countries," the report says. "Of this amount, there is probably not more than two grams of radium bromide in the United States. In the hands of a few surgeons."

"During 1913, there was a total production of 2,140 tons of radium-bearing ores in the United States, of which about 45 per cent of the ores and a little more than 50 per cent of the radium content were shipped abroad."

"Meanwhile, the American hospitals are vainly endeavoring to purchase and bring back to the United States for their own use, some small part of this radium, even at such prices as \$125,000 to \$160,000 per gram, or \$500,000 to \$800,000 for the five grams of radium that a large hospital should

have, or have access to for special cases.
"No detailed information concerning the methods of treating these radium-bearing ores being obtainable, the bureau of mines has endeavored to develop a process of its own, which, if successful, will be made public for general use. Progress in this work has been slow, not only because of the uncertain factors, but because of the limited available facilities at the bureau's disposal for such work."

BIRTHDAYS OF NOTED PERSONS.

John Lind, who was intrusted by President Wilson with the important diplomatic mission of ascertaining the true situation of affairs in Mexico with a view to bringing about an end to the revolutionary disturbances in that country, was born in Smaland, Sweden, March 25, 1854, and came to the United States when he was fourteen years old. The Lind family settled in Minnesota, and young Lind was educated in the public schools there. He taught school, studied at the University of Minnesota for a year, and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He began the practice of law in New Ulm in 1877. He was receiver of the United States Land Office at Tracy, Minn., from 1881 to 1885, a member of Congress from 1887 to 1893, a lieutenant in the Twelfth Minnesota Volunteers during the Spanish-American War, and was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for governor of Minnesota in 1898. Two years later he was elected to the governorship. He was defeated for re-election in 1900 and again served as a member of Congress from 1903 to 1905.

Gutzon Borglum, noted American sculptor, 47 years old today.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, celebrated French singer and comedy artist, 45 years old today.

Isiah Randolph, noted engineering expert, 66 years old today.

George Sutherland, United States senator from Utah, 52 years old today.

Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, 51 years old today.

Charlie White, well known light-weight pugilist, 23 years old today.

Latest Picture of Carranza, Who May Take Field Himself



Photo by American Press Association.

THIS is the latest and best picture of General Venustiano Carranza, leader of the Mexican Constitutionalists, who was recently reported to be facing the danger of a revolt within his own party, led by General Villa, his commander in chief in the field. Carranza has had the reputation of being the least militant of the present Mexican revolutionaries, but when events occurred which seemed to indicate a break between himself and Villa it was said that Carranza was preparing to take the field himself.

Should Michigan Have an Anthem Not Stolen From Another State?

"Michigan, my Michigan!"

There is a wealth of fervent affection in every repetition of these words, as sung to the stirring strains of an hypochondriacal air.

Home of my heart, I sing to thee,
Michigan, my Michigan;
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan;
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines,
Michigan, my Michigan.

From our schoolhood days these words have thrilled us, have acted as an inspiration. We have bent to lay stress upon the MY in the final line with a sense of a fine pride of possession.

Yet with added knowledge we confront the embarrassing fact that this pulsant commonwealth of which we are so vastly and so justly proud has no recognized distinctive state anthem or hymn, military, patriotic, pastoral or otherwise typical.

The Stolen Refrain.
For "Michigan, My Michigan," "our Michigan," dear as it is to all of us, is "phony." Its verses, with their thrilling cadences, are trimmed to fit a counterfeit refrain—nay, worse, one stolen bodily. The music is Maryland's. "Maryland, My Maryland," was composed long before the first of the many Michigan verses to fit the same meter, now extinct or extant, were thought of.

The fact that Michigan has no recognized song was borne strongly home during the last inauguration day ceremonies. On that occasion Gen. Leonard Wood, grand marshal of the pageant, issued diverse and sundry orders. One was that no band in the line of march save the United States Marine band should play "Hail to the Chief," or "See! the Conquering Hero Comes." No bands save those from the state of Maryland should play "Maryland, My Maryland." Bands from other states were instructed to baffle the ears of their own people.

Michigan people were saved the embarrassment of seeing their bands go by playing dummies music—merely making the motions—or of trailing in Maryland's wake and probably being ruled out for disobedience to the edict, because Michigan, fortunately, in this instance, was unrepresented by any musicians.

At White Voices State's Needs.
But it got Al S. White, veteran editor, patriot, politician and publisher, and to whom the matter of a state anthem has long been a matter of deep personal solicitude, to cogitating on a method of arousing public interest in the baring question. He thinks the legislature should offer inducements to some one to compose a typically Michigan anthem which would spread the name and fame of this sovereign state as far as her furthest, her pine forests, her copper mines and her other products combined.

"Indiana has adopted the beautiful 'On the Banks of the Wabash' as its state anthem," he declared. "Therein Indiana has something on Michigan. Michigan has something on Indiana. Let us have a song distinctly its own."

"West Virginia has, by legislative authorization of a prize of \$1,000, just secured a song which is vastly satisfactory to the people of that commonwealth. By offering this prize that state got just what it wanted. And the author, a noted Chicago paragrapher, gathered some 'many monies' according to his viewpoint."

"Missouri now, to secure the oblique

of the 'Horn' song, which taps at the heels of its every citizen, is offering similar inducements for a significant—but not too deeply significant—song exploiting the glories of that state. The 'Horn' song has done Missouri enough harm already. It caused the political demerit of Champ Clark, the Demosthenes of the Ozarks, and Missouri does not want its unimpaired, or the characteristic cornucopia, or the creamy sands, all of which products have enhanced its commercial fame, to feature, or even figure, in its triumphal pageant. So whoever composes that song will have to trip lightly over dangerous ground.

Silly Song of Wilson's State.

"Other states have their airs, the same as nations, I have heard most of them, but cannot now recall them. In the inaugural parade the bands from New Jersey, the president's own state, played all day long the refrain—a mighty trumpet one—of an old, old song I remember by the title of 'Her Father kept a Barber Shop in West-Hav-Ken'—accent on the last syllable. Silly thing, judging from its title, some folks will say. Well, it was distinctive. And it certainly enthused the Jerseyites, who were very heavily in evidence."

What I believe was the best, beside being one of the first "Michigan, My Michigan" songs written, was composed by L. J. Bates, editor of the Grand Rapids Eagle and later of the Detroit Post, and published by Whittemore of Detroit in 1868. The music was original, not stolen from Maryland. Unfortunately, all trace of any existing copy of this seems lost. If anyone has one I should certainly be glad to hear from him."

Another Michigan Song to Old Refrain.
Subsequent to his first musical fulfillment Mr. Bates on one or two occasions wrote verses adaptable to the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland," which can by no measure of reckoning be considered inferior to those which have been commonly adopted as the school and songbook standard. One of these, composed for a meeting of "Sons of Michigan," held in a western city in the eighties, reads as follows:

Home of our hearts, we turn to thee,
Michigan, our Michigan;
Like children to their mother's knee,
Michigan, our Michigan;
Our souls, unguessed, though afar,
Turn eastward to the morning star,
Where still our strong affections are,
In Michigan, our Michigan.

Still do we claim thee as our own,
Michigan, our Michigan;
Fair queen, on Fortune's golden throne,
Michigan, our Michigan;
In vain the long leagues intervene,
To memory's loving vision keen,
Fair shines each well remembered scene,
In Michigan, our Michigan.

Fill every goblet to the brim,
Michigan, our Michigan;
Old love speaks in our drinking hymn,
Michigan, our Michigan;
Our hearts drink in this happy cheer,
For all the past holds good and dear,
Is in the toast we pledge to here—
Michigan, our Michigan.

Here is one verse of still another unpublished Michigan song written by Mr. Bates, who appears to have wielded a facile pen, anyway on this particular theme:

Home of my heart, wherever I roam,
Far, far away, by land or sea,
My constant spirit wanders home,
Michigan, my Michigan.

And bears an exile's love to thee,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Despite all this fine and laudatory verbiage the vital fact remains that Michigan, our Michigan, has no duly accepted, acknowledged and authorized state anthem. Which should be a subject for sorrow to other good citizens in common with Mr. White.

The nearest approach to anything of the kind is a bit of doggerel attuned to the meter of "Maryland, My Maryland," written by Chauncy Wisner, for many years a representative in the House and Senate from Saginaw, and Lewis M. Miller, one time editor of the Grand Rapids Herald, and then clerk of the House of Representatives, which through the sublime effrontery of some member of that body was ordered printed in the House Journal in 1892, where it can be found by anyone diligent enough to search.

In explanation it should be stated that this legislature unseated two representatives from Detroit, Messrs Griffin and Russ, and one senator from Barry county, Mr. Jordan. References to all three will be found in the verses, which are dedicated to Representative P. C. Chamberlain, known as "the tall pine of Gogebic," a party leader. They were adopted by the House and ordered entered upon the records, which is as far as they ever attained, they never becoming popular. They follow:

Enlisted in the people's cause,
Michigan, my Michigan;
We labor here to make the laws,
Michigan, my Michigan;
From early morn till late at night,
We battle firmly for the right,
And squawk legislation fight,
Michigan, my Michigan.

With Tall Gogebic in the van,
Michigan, my Michigan;
We follow out the caucus plan,
Michigan, my Michigan;
The precedent we will repeat,
The people's verdict we will meet,
The victor owns the vacant seat,
Michigan, my Michigan.

On Jordan's banks the Senate stood,
Michigan, my Michigan;
Its tide was crimsoned with his blood,
Michigan, my Michigan;
Although to him his seat was lost,
The people dare have paid the cost,
'Twas Jordan's stream that Jordan crossed,
Michigan, my Michigan.

We'll fire the Griffin with a Russ,
Michigan, my Michigan;
We'll to the act without a luss,
Michigan, my Michigan;
For we're enlisted for the war,
Our speaker's a justly named bear,
The people's rights, his polar star,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Who Will Come to the Front?
Complaisant legislature, that! Quite satisfied with itself! Wonder if its members found flowers strewn along their homeward way, and all the glad acclaim bespoke for them? No matter. Getting back to the point whence started all this parade of words:

Michigan has no state anthem.

What's to be done about it? That's the question.

Wait some one, or somebody, kindly

REBELS DO NOT WORRY HUERTA

Is in Better Health Than When He
Took Mexican Presidency

Mexico City, March 25.—After a year in office General Huerta appears in better health than when he undertook the presidency. The difficulties he has encountered have left no stamp upon his features. Six months ago some of his friends and most of his enemies predicted early physical collapse and there were some who would not have been surprised had his intellect suffered as the result of the enormous odds.

"Take things as they come," seems to have been the life-long philosophy of Huerta. Tempered always, however, with the belief that all things come to him who waits, especially to him who waits for and seizes the big opportunity. Worrying has never been one of Huerta's failings. Nor is he a creature of routine. Regularity does not characterize his methods. He does his work when and where it suits his convenience and all members of his official family, the public, and his private family as well have to yield.

A Man of Many Whims.
Long ago he tired of the regular cabinet meetings and announced that conferences with his ministers would take place whenever he summoned them, and there would be no place regarded as sacred to that ceremony. And so it has come about that questions of the greatest import are as likely to be discussed in his private home as in the National Palace and not at all infrequently he sends word to his ministers suddenly that he would like to meet them that very morning in the woods about Chapultepec castle.

To the famous and ancient park, in which the castle is located he drives in his automobile. His ministers, also arriving in their cars, wonder in just what part the president is going to see them. Their chauffeurs or aides sight the presidential car alight on one of the many drives and there begins a chase which may come to an end beneath one of the great shade trees, or beside the lake. Ministers and president alight, sit on the benches or walk along one of the intersecting footpaths, and there talk of affairs which perhaps are of international importance. Back of all is the president's whim. He may be late. The ministers wait. He may have altered his mind regarding affairs of state and the ministers are told to meet him later in the day or night at his home.

It is not uncommon for the president to summon his ministers to a meeting during the middle of the night and cabinet meetings, or what would pass for cabinet meetings, have taken place in cafes.

Astronomy His Hobby.

Huerta does not indulge in physical exercise as a means of recreation. He derives his recreation in talking astronomy with any one who can interest him in the subject—and the man who does must be an expert—or in dining and visiting with his intimate friends. The time he retires appears a matter of indifference, as does his arising in the morning. Usually he is up early. The lightest kind of breakfast, coffee and rolls, he gets as soon as he is awake. A little work, if he thinks of anything to do, and then almost every morning a walk up and down on the sidewalk in front of his house in the district known as San Rafael. After that more breakfast and then a lot of work. He may go to the Chapultepec woods or to the National Palace, but it's just as likely he will do his morning's work at his home, summoning to him there all who may have business with him. Without much routine, and with executive mastery showing all he can do in his subordinates, he ploughs through the day's work until seven or eight o'clock when he is ready for dinner.

"THIS DATE IN HISTORY."

- 1771—Joseph Morat, who married a sister of Napoleon and became King of Naples, born. Died in 1815.
- 1807—Parliament passed an act abolishing the slave-trade in the British empire.
- 1820—Jesus banished from Russia by decree of Czar Alexander.
- 1843—Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae left Liverpool to begin an overland search for the Franklin Expedition.
- 1865—Fort Steadman, near Petersburg, Va., captured by the Confederates and recaptured by the Federals.
- 1890—President Harrison proclaimed Bering Sea closed to unlicensed seal fishing.
- 1912—Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, famous British soldier, died at Mentone, France. Born June 4, 1825.

She Taught Her Pet
Many Tricks.

Daddy's Bedtime Story—

The Little
Old Lady and
Her Pet Monkey.

ONCE there was an old lady, said daddy, "who lived all alone. She wasn't particularly fond of animals, so she had no pets, and she had spent so much of her life away from people and without many friends that she had grown to like her lonely life and had no wish for anything different.

"This old lady lived in a small village, but it was near a big city, so now and then, though not very often, the old lady would go into the city to do a little shopping. Even the shops didn't interest her much, and she was always rather bored by her city days.

"But one day she was in the city and passed by a shop in which were dogs and monkeys. One monkey happened to strike her fancy. At once she went into the shop to ask if it was for sale.

"Oh, yes," said the shopkeeper. "All the animals are for sale."

"Then," said the old lady, "I would like that monkey."

"Do you mean this marmoset monkey?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Yes," replied the old lady; "that's the one I want, and the only one."

"So the shopkeeper put the monkey in a large cage and asked the old lady where to send him to.

"Oh," said the old lady, "I won't have it sent! I'll order a cab and take the monkey along with me."

"So the cab was ordered, and the old lady set forth happily with her pet. She named him Niles. He was only seven inches long and had a curly tail. He was a very dark gray color. He proved to be a most expensive pet, for he liked all the most delicious fruits and would only eat his bread and rice when plenty of rich cream was put over it.

"Now, the old lady did not know what kinds of toys to have for him, as, you see, she'd never had any pets before. She found a few things that had once been used on a Christmas tree, and she gave these to Niles. What fascinated him above all was the old lady's rings. She had quite a number of them. Niles jumped up in her lap and began playing with them.

"When the old lady saw how fond Niles was of jewels she took out her jewel box. Niles had the most glorious time playing with its contents. He decorated himself with all the beads and chains and bangles and looked at himself in the mirror. He shook all over, for he liked the noise as well as the glitter of the jewels.

"So the old lady was very, very happy with her pet monkey. Niles was delighted with his new home and his new mistress, for he had never had jewels to play with in the animal shop."